

1<sup>st</sup> in England. July 22. 1824.

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# DER FREISCHUTZ;

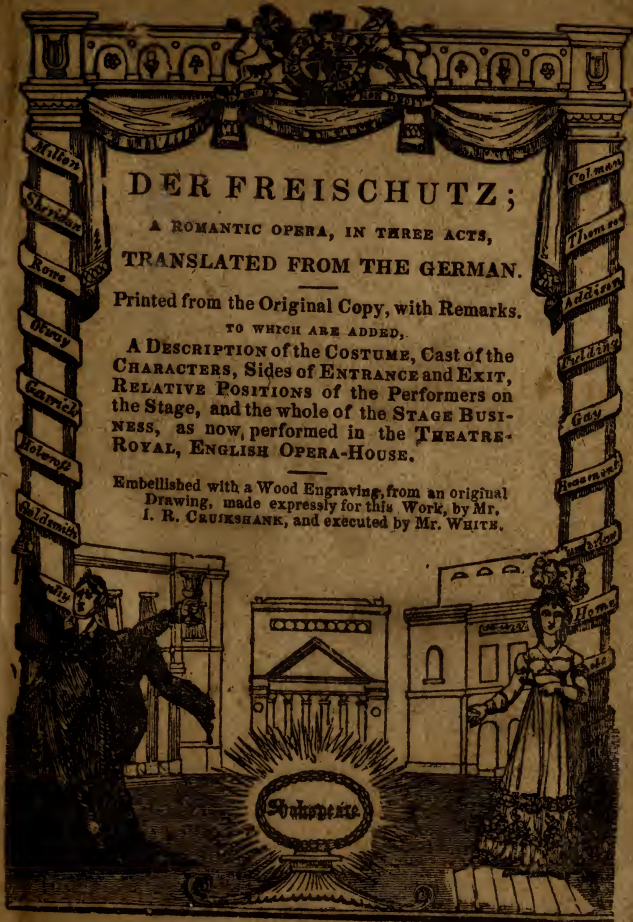
A ROMANTIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS,  
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Printed from the Original Copy, with Remarks.

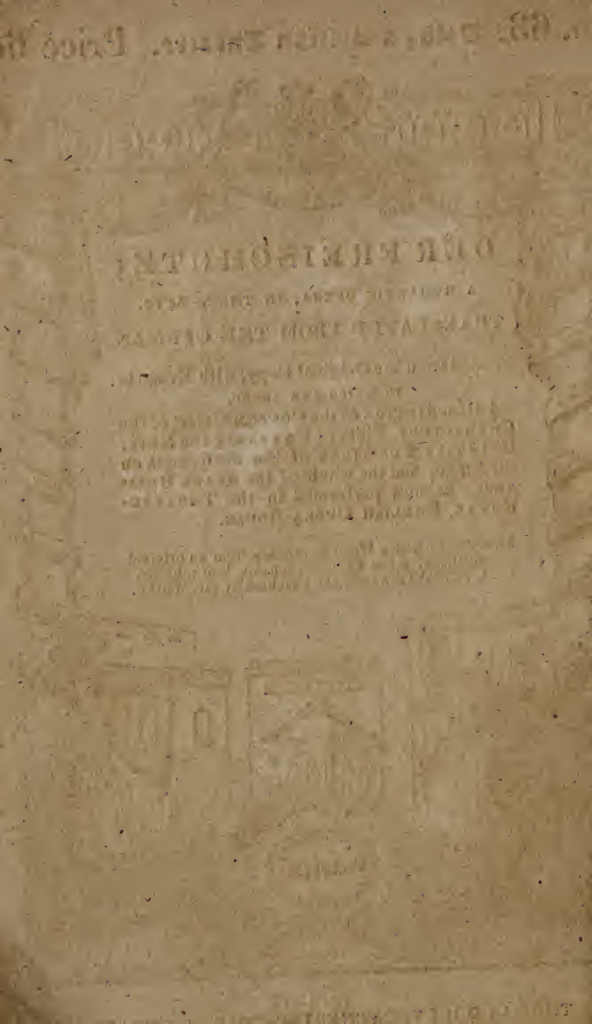
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the  
CHARACTERS, Sides of ENTRANCE and EXIT,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS of the Performers on  
the Stage, and the whole of the STAGE BUSI-  
NESS, as now, performed in the THEATRE-  
ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Embellished with a Wood Engraving, from an original  
Drawing, made expressly for this Work, by Mr.  
I. R. CRUSKSHANK, and executed by Mr. WHITE.



THOMAS DOLBY, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.



(25)

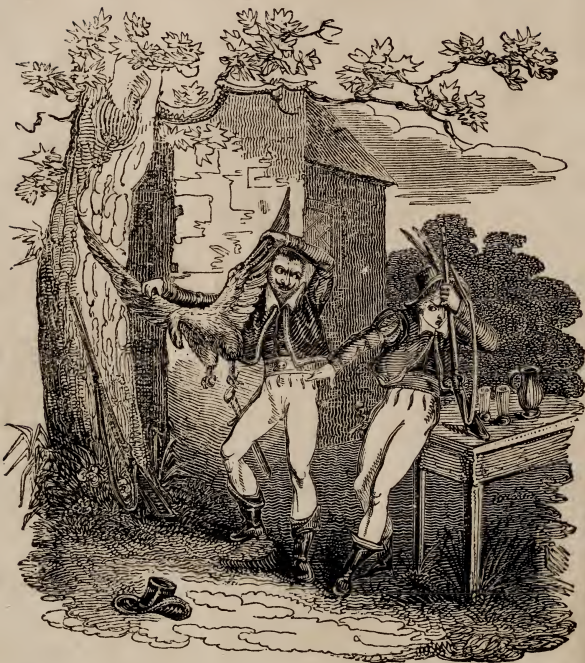
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DOLBY'S BRITISH THEATRE.

*DER FREISCHUTZ.*



*White, Sculpt.*

Dost thou think this bird was given to thee by chance ?

ACT I. SCENE 1.

# DER FREISCHÜTZ; OR, THE SEVENTH BULLET.

COMPOSED BY

CARL MARIA VON WEBER,

PERFORMED, FOR THE FIRST TIME ON ANY ENGLISH STAGE,

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE,

ON THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1824.

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WITH

INTRODUCTORY AND ANALYTICAL REMARKS,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME, CAST OF THE  
CHARACTERS, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSI-  
NESS.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A WOOD ENGRAVING, FROM AN ORIGINAL  
DRAWING, BY RAMBERG, AND EXECUTED BY MR. WHITE.

Printed by permission of the Proprietor of the Theatre-Royal,  
English Opera-House.

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LONDON:

THOMAS DOLBY, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.

1825.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DOLBY, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.

# CRITICAL REMARKS

ON

## THE OPERA OF DER FREISCHUTZ.

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THE production of this opera in England will, there is little doubt, be considered hereafter as an epoch in the musical history of this country, and tend, not only to free us from the opprobrium of not being a musical people, but, in the end, bestow upon our composers that confidence which is absolutely necessary for the production of every thing great in either art or science. Hitherto, the universal cry has been that an English audience either will not, or cannot, appreciate the merits of any musical production beyond a simple air or duet, and it is from this feeling that has arisen the superiority which foreign composers seem to possess over the English, and from which it would appear that music was one of those flowers of enjoyment which could not weather the atmosphere of Britain. But this is not really the case: the English have not had the means of comparing good music to bad; and as the perfection of taste can arise only from frequent intercourse with what is truly excellent, and as excellence is always more difficult to be understood, and consequently appreciated, than mediocrity, hence the judgment of the English people, having no certain rules to guide it, may really be supposed to feel, and therefore applaud, a pretty air like "Home, sweet home," in preference to that masterly scena in the first act of the present work, "Through the forests, through the meadows," without



considering, for one moment, that the one required a greater portion of either skill or genius to produce it than the other. But this state of things will not, it may be confidently anticipated, last long, if the managers of our great theatres duly consider the effect which the performance of the work under consideration has produced in England, without attaching too much importance to the *diablerie* with which it is accompanied: for if our audiences only have the means of hearing the music of Weber, and of other celebrated foreign composers, either German or Italian, they will not be long before they appreciate the difference between the truly beautiful and the simply pretty, in music. Thus our composers will have an opportunity of showing that their hitherto inferiority to those of the continent arose, not so much from want of genius as want of confidence; and thus England will be freed from the opprobrium of not being able to discover the loveliness or feel the attractions of music, when dressed in the same classical costume as that in which her sister, Poetry, has so long been welcomed among us.

The following is a critical account of each separate piece in this opera, under the heads or numbers as they appear in the foreign edition.

The overture is a masterpiece, both in its conception and execution, and is what every overture ought to be, an analysis, and, in the present instance, a species of prophetic anticipation of the succeeding opera. The *largo* movement for four horns at the commencement is in melody so beautifully vocal, that it is surprising the composer did not introduce it again, as he has the first subject of the *vivace* in the tenor song: to the latter succeeds a short passage in E flat major, the introduction of which most judiciously relieves the preceding movement: the whole is then wound up by a *coda* in C major, with the most powerful and imposing effect.

No. 1, or the introduction, consists of three different movements; *first*, the victoria chorus of the most spirited kind, and admirably adapted for its situa-



tion; *second*, a very sprightly march; and, *third*, a comic song, followed by a laughing chorus of the most peculiar but effective construction.

No. 2 is in the original called a *terzetto* and chorus; but was greatly curtailed on its first representation: it is very long, but, in point of effect and beauty, is entitled to no common share of praise. The passage set to the English words

“ Fortune may return to-morrow,”

in which a double choir is introduced, is, in the pathos of its harmonies, surpassed by nothing which we remember, in either ancient or modern music.

No. 3 consists of two pieces; a waltz, which is extremely beautiful and original, and a grand tenor *scena*, composed of several portions or links of recitative and three movements; the two former full of feeling and expression, and the latter imbued with all the fire of genius. The following description of this piece we extract from the 8th Number of the *News of Literature and Fashion*, because it expresses our feelings in a manner that it would be difficult to improve upon: “ This *scena* may, upon the whole, be considered as the finest composition in the whole work. It describes the feelings of the singer under the misfortune of the hour, alternately blended with and superseded by the joys derived from memory and imagination, as he thinks on his mistress and his past happiness. The first four lines are in recitative, and express his despair; and during the execution of them the Forest Fiend passes across the stage behind, to indicate that it is he who is inspiring these sentiments. The orchestral accompaniments of this part are exceedingly appropriate and fine; and not unworthy to be named in the same page with those which accompany the appearance of the Ghost, in *Don Giovanni*. These, as the Fiend passes off, are followed by an air indicative of the singer’s past joys, which he recalls to memory, and in so doing almost renews. The sweet and tender pathos, and the passionate beauty of this air, cannot be surpassed.—

to any thing in the opera. That portion which is given to the Hermit is sublime in a degree; and the *sestetto* is surpassed in beautiful harmony by no piece in the opera, with, perhaps, the exception of the chorus for a double choir, which has been already twice mentioned. But nearly the whole of this number was omitted at its first representation in this country.

These remarks may be concluded with the following observations from a contemporary periodical\*: "Some of the critics have said, that Weber is not so sweet as Mozart: it was never intended to be sweet; it is appalling, terrific, sublime!—it giveth not 'airs from Heaven,' but 'blasts from Hell.' From the overture to the very last note, the composer seems to have called upon Zamiel, and to have offered up to him notes which would go to his very soul. There is a depth, a wildness, which frights the mind, while it charms the ear; and we will confidently say, that no music, not even Mozart's, was ever heard with such breathless attention and earnestness as this extraordinary production.

\* Monthly Magazine for August, 1824.

# German Costume.

**OTTOCAR**.—Yellow tunic and purple velvet robe, very richly spangled ; purple cap, with gold cords and tassel ; white pantaloons, yellow boots.

**KUNO**.—Green long doublet and pantaloons, trimmed with black velvet and gold lace ; russet boots, with large tops ; large black hat, with black feathers.

**CASPAR, RODOLPH, and ROLLO**.—Green long doublet and pantaloons, trimmed with black velvet and a little gold lace, and buttons on breast ; yellow boots, black belts, with brass buckles ; a powder horn and pouch ; large black hats with black feathers.

**HUNTSMEN** and the rest of the **CHORUS**.—Same dresses as Caspar, &c. but no gold lace.—The Chorus are also Peasants in the first scene.

**ZAMIEL**.—Dark copper or olive flesh shape, green shirt, brass collar and belt, black wig and beard, black cap, with large plume of black feathers ; scarlet robe, trimmed with black, and black sandals.

**KILLIAN**.—Brown jacket and trunk breeches, blue stockings, white shirt, and blue braces, drab hat and feather, russet shoes.

**AGNES**.—White dress, trimmed with brown and blue. Second dress—white, trimmed with flowers.

**ANN**.—Black velvet body, trimmed with pink ; white shirt. Second dress.—All white.

## *Persons represented in the Opera of DER FREISCHUTZ, at the Theatre Royal, English Opera House.*

OTTOCAR, a Bohemian Prince .....	Mr. Baker.
KUNO, the Ranger.....	Mr. Bartley.
CASPAR,	{ Mr. Bennett.
RODOLPH,	
ROLLO,	
{ Huntsmen of the Ranger..... }	
KILLIAN, a Villager .....	Mr. Tayleure.
ZAMIEL, the Black Huntsman... ..	Mr. T. P. Cooke.
{ Miss Stephens.	
AGNES, Daughter of Kuno.....	{ Miss Noel.
	{ Miss Paton.
ANN, Cousin of the above ....	Miss Povey.
<i>Huntsmen, Villagers, Attendants, &amp;c.</i>	

The Music under the superintendence of Mr. HAWES.

The Melo-Dramatic business under the direction of Mr. T. P. COOKE.

The Scenery by Mr. WILSON, and under his direction by his assistant, Mr. PITT.

The Monsters, by Mr. FRANKLIN.—The Properties, by Mr. GODBEE, and numerous assistants.

The Dresses by Mr. HEAD and Mrs. BROOKS.

The story on which the above is founded, may be found in the third volume of a work entitled *Popular Traditions of the Northern Nations*.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

### EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*. S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage, with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

•• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



# DER FREISCHÜTZ.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A dark and gloomy part of a thick forest.  
[Front grooves.]*

*Enter CASPAR, L., followed by ROLLO, each with his rifle.*

*Cas.* In vain I thread the forest! In vain I call upon the huntsman-spirit! He answers not my summons. Does then, indeed, my hour approach? Has Zamiel deserted me?

*Rol.* Pshaw! this is childish weakness:—be more a man! Thou knowest he will not answer here—in the wolf's glen alone.

*Cas.* How my heart sinks within me when I reflect that one more day—one little short-lived day—and, my conditions with the spirit unfulfilled, my day of life is over! *[Calls.]* What, Zamiel! Ho!—He comes not at my bidding, as he was ever wont!

*Rol.* Why should he answer? He knows you do not want his aid.

*Cas.* True—he knows all my thoughts. *[Aloud.]* Spirit, or devil! whatsoe'er thou be'est—am I then doom'd?

*Zam.* *[Within, L.]* Not yet!

*Cas.* Whose voice was that?—Was't thine?

*Rol.* It was the voice of Zamiel:—he answered thee, *Not yet!*

*Cas.* No! but to-morrow yields me to his power. The seven years of prosperous fortune he promised have been idly wasted; I know it well—and if I enlist not ere to-morrow's noon another in his service, I am his;—but I have still thy promise for assistance

*Rol.* Thou hast!

*Cas.* And I, in turn, have promised thee my aid in time of need. Still I succeed not:—Rodolph, the surest marksman in the forest, has, by the power of the huntsman-spirit, been deprived of all his boasted skill—he hits his mark no longer—so shall he lose to-morrow's prize, and her in whose love he has supplanted me:—but this is not enough. What will his loss avail me, if I live not to witness it? Who shall enable me to yield him to the power of the spirit?

*Rol.* Thyself! It wants but perseverance, and thou wilt succeed. Thou hast still time.

*Cas.* You give me hope and courage!—Desert me not, Rollo. An awful presage lies heavy at my heart—but I will make one desperate effort more; and, should I succeed, the fall of Rodolph will at once prolong my term of life, and satisfy the vengeance of my heart.

[*CASPAR rushes out, R., followed by ROLLO. After their exeunt, gun fired behind. Music as scene changes.*]

SCENE II.—*An open space, with a forest in the distance: in the back-ground, L., a target with a star. On L. S. E., a Village-Inn, with round table, three rustic chairs, tin japanned jug, and horn cup. On L. S. E. a bush.—At the change of scene RODOLPH is discovered with his rifle, disconcerted at having missed the mark, the Peasants sneering at him. KILLIAN aiming with his rifle on R., and fires at the eleventh bar of the music. The star falls from the target, and a general shout is given by the Yagers and Villagers.*

CHORUS.—*Yagers and Villagers.*

Victoria! let fame to the master be given,  
His rifle the star of the target hath riven:

He hath no peer,  
Seek far or near—

Victoria, Victoria!

[*The target is taken down by the Villagers.*]

*Rod.* Go on; shout, shout! Have my eyes, then, lost sight, or my rifle its power? [Sits L. S. E.]

[*Music: a procession is formed. Six Peasant-boys, KILLIAN as king, with prize medal and a large bouquet fastened to his breast by some of the female peasantry. The procession passes, followed by Huntsmen and Peasants, and where*



*Rodolph is seated they all point sneeringly at him. At last, KILLIAN struts up to RODOLPH.*

SONG—KILLIAN.

Why, good people, are you gazing?

Whom, good people, are you praising?

Doff your hats,—I'm king to-day:

Do you hear me, ay, ay, ay?

*[All pull off their hats but RODOLPH.]*

Never mind, I will not slight thee;

Come to-morrow, I invite thee;

Grant to others something, pray:

Look at this, sir, ay, ay, ay?

*[Pointing to the nosegay and star.]*

How these stars and flowers adorn me!

Now what huntsman dares to scorn me?

So you lost the prize to-day?

So you miss'd it, ay, ay, ay?

*Rod. [Starting up, seizes KILLIAN by the breast.]*  
Taunt me no longer, or—

*[Peasants surround RODOLPH and KILLIAN.]*

*Enter KUNO, L., followed by CASPAR and ROLLO.*

*Kuno.* Hold! hold! What may this mean? Shame, shame! What! thirty against one? Who dared to lift his hand against one of the Ranger's huntsmen?

*Kil. [Trembling.]* Dear Mr. Ranger, there was no harm intended: he who misses every time must needs expect a little jeering on the occasion.

*[Peasants laugh.]*

*Kuno.* Silence! And who missed every time? surely, not Rodolph.

*Kil.* Ah! that is always the way, where the peasant gets the better of the huntsman:—but ask him himself—he cannot deny it.

*[Consequently.]*

*Rod. [Holding his head down, and crossing to L.]*  
I cannot.

*Cas. [Aside.]* I shall succeed.

*Kuno.* Is it possible, Rodolph? Till within the last month you had not an equal in the whole country; but, since that time, you have not brought home a feather; and now—shame, shame!

*Cas.* Believe me, comrade, it is as I told you: some one has bewitched you; and, unless you dissolve the charm, you may rely that you—

*Kuno.* Nonsense !

*Rod.* And to-morrow is the *trial-shot* ! What is to become of me to-morrow ?

*Kil.* What is the trial-shot ? We have often heard of it ; but I could never learn the particulars. Tell us, Mr. Kuno.

[*All the peasants draw near to listen.*]

*Kuno.* Well, I will. The hounds of the prince having many years since started a stag on which a man was fettered, for having shot the royal deer, the prince, moved with compassion, offered a great reward and an hereditary rangership to him who should kill the stag without wounding the man. An ancestor of mine, named Kuno, in pity more than avarice, fired:—the stag fell, and the man remained unhurt.

*Kil.* Bravo, bravo ! that *was* a shot.

*Cas.* Or a good chance—or, perhaps, something more.

*Kil.* So that is the origin of the trial-shot ?

*Kuno.* Hear the end. It was even then as it is now : —[*Looking at CASPAR.*—the wicked always slander the good, and the enemies of Kuno endeavoured to persuade the prince that my ancestor had made use of a magic ball.

*Cas.* [*Aside.*] I thought so.

*Kil.* A magic ball ! [*To the Peasants.*] These are snares of the devil. A magic ball !—my grandmother told me all about it—six hit, the seventh misses—that is, Zamiel, the forest spirit, directs the seventh wherever he pleases.

*Cas.* Nonsense !—'tis nothing but natural skill.

*Kuno.* For this cause the trial-shot was instituted :—it is likewise customary that the successful candidate should, on the same day, be married to the most beautiful and virtuous girl of the village. But enough of this—you may now home, Rodolph, and see if the beaters have returned. Courage, man ; the enchantment that affects you may be only love. I expect you at court before sunrise.

#### DUET—RODOLPH and ROLLO.

*Rod.* How dark and dreary  
Will to-morrow o'er me rise !  
*Rol.* Now in thy rifle  
Future joy or sorrow lies.

*Chorus.* Fortune may return to-morrow ;  
Chase then every fear away.

*Rod.* What guilt thus chills me with dismay ?  
How my soul is chill'd with sorrow !  
Life the loss could never bear.

*Rol.* Place in Heaven thy firm reliance,  
Then thou canst have nought to fear.  
Let blind Fortune work her pleasure—  
Courage never should despair.

Then up to the cliffs and the mountains,  
To-morrow, ere dawning of day.

*Cho.* Each bird and beast that there wanders,  
Our rifles shall give us for prey.  
Let merry-toned horns then be sounded,  
And peal through yon hill's rocky side ;  
To-morrow, ere evening, their echoes  
Shall welcome the bridegroom and bride.

[*Exeunt KUNO, CASPAR, ROLLO, and HUNTSMEN, only, L.*

[*While last symphony is played, the Peasants form themselves in centre, back of stage. During the above duet and chorus, the stage becomes progressively dark.*

*Kil.* A good, worthy gentleman, that Ranger:—but it is already nearly dark. Let us away to the tap. Come, [To RODOLPH] we will remain good friends, my brave fellow. I wish you better luck to-morrow, with all my heart. Cheer up:—come along with us, and dance away sorrow.

*Rod.* I thank you. [Turns up stage, and sits, L.

*Kil.* Well, as you please. Come, friends, while you waltz, I'll play.

[*KILLIAN takes up pandean pipes, and plays during the waltzing. The Peasants exeunt, L. to the inn—the dancers waltz off severally—RODOLPH rises.*

### GRAND SCENA—RODOLPH.

Oh ! I can bear my fate no longer,—

E'en hope is banish'd from my soul :

What unknown guilt thus haunts my spirit,

And o'er me works its dark control ?

Through the forests, through the meadows,

Joy was wont with me to stray,

While my rifle, never-failing,

Made each bird and beast my prey.

When at length with booty loaded,  
 Ere home rose before my sight,  
 Agnes smiling came to meet me,  
 Clothed in beauty's heavenly light.  
 And am I now by Heaven forsaken,  
 And left, the power of chance to know?—

[ZAMIEL crosses behind from L. to R.]

Will Hope's long slumber ever waken,—

Or am I doom'd to endless woe?

Now, methinks, beside her lattice

I my lovely Agnes see;

While her ear seems fondly listening

Every coming sound for me:

See, she fondly waves a welcome,

Fancy's eye her lover sees—

But her signal gains no answer,

Save the sigh of whispering trees!

What dark'ning power is ruling o'er me?

[ZAMIEL re-enters, R., watching RODOLPH.]

My anxious bosom fear hath riven;

Despair hath spread her snares before me:

Does fate rule blindly? aid me, Heaven!

[RODOLPH kneels—ZAMIEL shudders, starts, and disappears, L.]

*Enter CASPAR, L., with loaded ripe.*

*Cas.* Are you still here, comrade? I was fearful I should not meet you.

*Rod.* Why are you thus for ever dogging my steps?

*Cas.* This is the return I always meet! but still my kindness binds me to your fortune. I thought I could be of service to you; and, after running myself out of breath for your sake, these are my only thanks.

*Rod.* Of service to me?

*Cas.* Yes:—with the friendship I profess, do you think I do not feel for you? Have you not been the jest of these churls to-day! Rouse your manly resolution, and drive your disappointment from your mind, my dear fellow. [*Goes to the table:—taking the jug up.*] But what have you here? it is mere water: this will never kill care, boy. [*Calling at inn door.*] Ho, ho, there! some of your best wine! Should it cost me my last farthing, comrade, I would not see you melancholy while a drop of wine could be got to cheer you.

*Enter PEASANT, with flask and two horn cups, from the inn, L., places them on the table, which he brings forward, with the three rustic chairs.*

*Cas.* [*Seats himself on L. of table, pours out wine from flask into horn cup.*] Come, you must drink with me.

*Rod.* You must excuse me; my head is already too much confused.

*Cas.* Could I but prevail on him to drink!—[*Calling aside.*—Help, Zamiel!

[*ZAMIEL appears above the bush, L.*

*Cas.* [*Starting.*] You here! [*ZAMIEL disappears.*

*Rod.* [*Looking round, advances to his seat at table, R.*] With whom did you speak?

*Cas.* I! with no one.—Ha! I see. [*Aside.*—I only said, “You here!” as, while I was pouring out wine for you, I saw Rollo yonder.—Ho, Rollo! join us, my friend.

*Enter ROLLO, R.*

*Rol.* Ah, comrade—what! wine afloat! a can with you, with all my heart.

[*ROLLO sits in c. behind table, pours out wine, and drinks.*

*Rod.* But I cannot drink.

*Cas.* Nay, nay, you must not refuse me—[*Apart to ROLLO.*] Remember my instructions, and I will fulfil the promise I have made you. [*Takes up the horn cup.*] Well, here’s to the Ranger: you will drink his health, surely?

*Rod.* I cannot refuse to join to our worthy master’s health.

*Cas.* Now for a song. [*All drink.*

“Noah when he drew his fill—”

[*RODOLPH appears discontented.*

*Cas.* Well, then, Rollo will sing us another.

*Rol.* With all my heart, brother. Wine warms the heart to love—love flies to wine in woe—so love and wine shall be the burthen of my song.

[*ROLLO comes forward, with flask and cup.*

SONG—ROLLO.

Life is darken’d o’er with woe,  
Bid the ruddy nectar flow;  
Wine’s the soul of joy below:

Bless'd by Bacchus, rosy wine  
Makes a mortal half divine.

Fill, O fill the cup before thee!  
Bacchus, Bacchus, I adore thee!

[*Fills and drinks while dancing to symphony.*]

Life is darken'd o'er with woe,  
Bid the ruddy nectar flow;

Love's the soul of joy below:

Bless'd by beauty, rosy wine  
Makes a mortal all divine.

Fill, O fill the cup before thee!

Venus, Venus, I adore thee!

[*Again fills, drinks, and dances; afterwards ROLLO returns to his seat.*]

*Cas.* Now here's to the health of Agnes; and he who can refuse to drink the health of his bride, is no better than a skulker.

*Rod.* To Agnes! Bless my sweet maid! I join you freely in that toast. [*They all join and drink.*]

*Cas.* Can I make nothing of you?

*Rod.* What would you wish from me?

*Cas.* Why to see you drink and drown care. [*Pours out wine.*] Come, here is our prince! and he who does not join in this, is no better than a traitor.

*Rod.* Well, but this shall be the last. [*All drink.*] To be frank with you, I am in no humour to enjoy either your song or your company.

*Rol.* [*Rising.*] Not enjoy my song! If that's the case, be assured I shall not trouble you with my company, and so farewell—[*Crosses to L., and whispers CASPAR*—I see, by the temper he is in, you have but little chance with him:—but try him hard, and I will join you again presently. [*Exit ROLLO, L.*]

*Cas.* How can you be offended at such trifles? Rollo is an honest fellow in the main, though a little mischievous.

[*The village clock strikes seven—RODOLPH is going.*]

*Cas.* You are not surely going home already? [*Rises.*]

[*The gradual darkness over the stage increasing.*]

*Rod.* It is time:—the clock has just struck seven.

*Cas.* You are going to Agnes; but don't you think she will be disappointed to find you have not won a prize to-day? You know she expected one as a good omen for to-morrow.



Rod. Oh the poor girl!—and I to-morrow——

Cas. But stay:—perhaps I may do something to relieve you. What would you say to me if I were to ensure you success for to-morrow?

Rod. Ensure me success?

Cas. Yes; and to prove my friendship for you, I will tell you—but let it go no farther—I have often dropped you a hint, but you would never take it:—well, then, there certainly are some occult powers of nature—certain innocent hunting tricks, which might make your hunting chance a certainty. To-night there will be an eclipse of the moon immediately at twelve:—great things might be done then.

[ZAMIEL is seen listening, R., and almost instantly disappears.

Rod. You measure out the poison to me by drops—

Cas. Now, comrade, if I could secure you a successful shot to-night, to calm Agnes, and another to-morrow, to complete your happiness—

Rod. You speak mysteriously. Are such things possible?

Cas. Seeing is believing:—there,—take my rifle.

Rod. [Taking CASPAR's rifle.] What must I do with it?

Cas. Wait:—[Looking up towards the back of stage, R.]—do we see nothing? Yonder flies an eagle; fire!

Rod. [Advancing towards L.] You are out of your senses—or take me to be so. It is almost dark, and the bird appears like a black speck in the clouds.

Cas. Never mind:—in the name of the mystery, fire!

[RODOLPH, raising the rifle, and doubtfully touching the trigger, it goes off.

Zam. [Behind, R., laughs aloud.] Ha! ha! ha! ha!

[RODOLPH looks at CASPAR with dread.

Rod. At what are you laughing? What strange noise was that I heard above?

[RODOLPH looks upwards; the eagle, circling, descends, and falls dead at his feet.

Rod. What is this?

Cas. [Examining the bird.] The largest eagle I ever beheld. What claws! and how well hit! immediately under the wing; and not a feather hurt.

Rod. An eagle! This, you know, is a fearful omen! I cannot conceive how it was shot:—this rifle is like my own.

*Cas.* That shot will make the churls respect you, and Agnes leap with joy. [*Plucks some of the feathers, and places them in RODOLPH'S hat.*] These, comrade, are omens of returning success.

*Rod.* What is it you are doing? I feel awe-struck. With what did you load? what kind of a ball was it?

[*Returns rifle to CASPAR.*]

*Cas.* What ball? Why therein lies the secret:—but such balls never miss. Are you so ignorant as not to know what a charmed ball means?

*Rod.* Nonsense!

*Cas.* I learnt better than that in the army.

*Rod.* [*Looking at the eagle.*] This shot is inconceivable:—it is dark twilight, and the eagle was sailing through the clouds. There is, then, some truth in it, after all. Have you more balls of the kind?

*Cas.* No—that was the last:—they have just served their turn.

*Rod.* Served their turn!—what mean you?

*Cas.* Because we may get a fresh supply to-night.

*Rod.* To-night?

*Cas.* Yes, this very night. Comrade, your fate stands under the influence of a happy constellation—you are destined for higher objects—the very night before you are to make the trial-shot in order to gain your office and bride—the moment you stand in need of assistance from the invisible powers, nature herself is prepared to help you.

*Rod.* You promise largely, and, truth to speak, my fate appears to will it. Can you really procure me such balls?

*Cas.* Ay, Rodolph, as many as you wish:—but does a man want assistance to do that which he himself can accomplish?

*Rod.* How are they to be obtained?

*Cas.* That I will teach you. Meet me by the first stroke of twelve in the wolf's glen.

*Rod.* At midnight! In the wolf's glen! No:—strange stories are told about that spot, and at midnight they say the gates of hell are open, and the fiends of darkness have power in the earth.

*Cas.* Shame, Rodolph!—shame on your manhood!—but I will not desert you in your need. I will help you to cast the balls—but this must be done in secret; and, at midnight, in a charmed circle, in the wolf's glen—

*Rod.* It seems already, when perhaps I know not half the conjurations that may be needful, an act forbidden. [*Crosses to L.*] No—I dare not cast these balls.

*Cas.* Tush, man! Why, I will stand your friend. I will cast for you; but you must be present.

*Rod.* No, no; if not unlawful, what need of all this mystery? A virtuous man has never need of midnight and the silent hour of darkness to conceal his acts. Give me some balls, if you can really, as you say, ensure me success; but bid me not to join you in obtaining them.

*Cas.* Are you, then, a coward, to wish to purchase your success by other people's danger, if there *were* any danger in the deed? Do you think the crime, if there were any, would so be lessened? In a word, do you think, if there were any guilt, that it is not already upon you? [*Taking up the eagle.*] Do you imagine this bird was *given* to you by *chance*? No:—a hidden and superhuman power guided the ball that pierced it:—*that ball* was charmed.

*Rod.* Dreadful! Can it be possible?

*Cas.* Can you doubt it?—yet ingratitude is the reward of the world. But I will cut off a wing; that I, at least, may have something of it. [*CASPAR, taking out his hunting-knife, kneels, cuts off a wing, and rises with it.*] It is very strange that you should risk the shot to comfort Agnes, and then not have the courage to repeat it once more, in order to make her yours for ever. The poor thing, who rejected me on your account, would not believe it were she told; nor would she till now have thought that Rodolph was a coward.

*Rod.* Who dares to doubt my courage?

*Cas.* Prove it, then:—if you have *used* a magic ball, it can be but a trifle to *cast* one. If you do not, you must know what will follow: you will miss to-morrow; the girl will be refused you; she will die in despair; and you will become the jest of all mankind—if some rash act does not lead you to do worse. [*CASPAR turns aside, and calls, in an under tone.*] Help, Zamiel!

*Rod.* Agnes die! yes—yes—it must. [*Giving his hand to CASPAR.*] Comrade, I will meet you.

*Cas.* Mention then our meeting to no one—it might

prove dangerous to both. Remember, by the stroke of twelve! Do not betray me.

*Rod.* [*Taking his own rifle from the table, and crossing to R. S. E.*] I betray you! By the stroke of twelve expect me. [*Exit RODOLPH, R. S. E.*]

*Cas.* [*Looking scornfully after RODOLPH, laughs sneeringly.*] Ha! ha! ha! Now, Rollo, my fine fellow, your fortune shall be secured.

*Enter ROLLO, L.*

*Rol.* Yes, if you lose not the favourable moment. Tarry not here, but fly; and see all prepared for his arrival in the wolf's glen.

*Cas.* Fear not me. My stake is desperate:—body and soul are pledged for my success.

[*Exit CASPAR, R.*]

BRAVURA—ROLLO.

Haste, haste, nor lose the favouring hour!  
Thy victim now is in thy power;  
Hell's dark'ning chains at length have found him.  
Soon his soul repenting will strive to fly;  
But struggling is vain,  
When Hell links the chain,  
O nought can break the fetters round him:—  
Revenge! thy triumph is nigh.  
[*Exit ROLLO, R.—Stage-lights full on.*]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An ante-room in the forest, with folding window doors closed by curtains; the chamber hung round with stags' horns, eagles' feathers, and various hunting weapons. Two lighted candles; two vases, with coloured roses, on the table near L.; two chairs.—AGNES discovered seated, and rises during the symphony of the following*

SONG—AGNES.

Say, my heart, why, wildly beating,  
Dost thou such emotion prove?  
Canst thou, when thy lover meeting,  
Fear his truth, or doubt his love?

No, fondly no, my bosom sighs ;  
No, gently no, my heart replies.  
Then, fond heart, be silent ever,  
Be thy wild emotion o'er ;  
For with doubt and fearing, never  
Shall those throb—no, never more !

Light of life, and life's best blessing,  
Is the love which meets return :  
Shall I, that rich boon possessing,  
E'er the matchless blessing spurn ?  
No, fondly no, my bosom sighs ;  
No, gently no, my heart replies.  
Then be joy my inmate ever,  
Since each anxious dread is o'er ;  
For with fear and doubting, never  
Shall it throb—no, never more !

*Enter ANN, L.*

*Ann.* That is right, now, my dear cousin ; be cheerful :—pleasures and laughter can conquer love.

*Ag.* Yes, my dear Ann ; but I have neither pleasure nor laughter. I wonder what detains Rodolph !

*Ann.* He will soon be here. Mr. Kuno promised that he should return early.

*Ag.* How drearily silent this house appears !

*Ann.* It is certainly not pleasant to be in an old haunted castle on a wedding-eve, almost alone—but let us amuse ourselves. I remember an old song, that seems almost invented on you and Rodolph ; I will sing it to you.

SONG—ANN.

If a youth should meet a maiden,  
Need she run away with fright ?  
If his looks should win her favour,  
Sure the girl may use her sight !  
Though she must in maiden manner  
Seem her glances to conceal—  
Where's the harm, if she, unnoticed,  
Seek a side-long look to steal ?  
Should their eyes by chance encounter,  
I no guilt herein can find ;  
Though her cheeks may blush a little,  
Sure it will not strike her blind.

Looking hither, looking thither,  
 Looks are follow'd soon by sighs ;  
 Then, a little courage taking,  
 He makes love, and she denies.  
 But before a twelvemonth passes,  
 Forth they ramble side by side ;  
 Marriage ends the village scandal—  
 He the bridegroom—she the bride.

*Ann.* That is right ; now you look as you ought to do. I see you are laughing ;—that is the way I shall look when I am going to be married. [*Looking at herself, and marching pompously round AGNES.*]

*Ag.* Well, who knows what may happen ? I am sure I wish to see you happily married with all my heart, though my own bridal-evening is not entirely without anxiety and sorrow, particularly since I returned from the hermit : but I feel much better.

*Ann.* Ah, what did the hermit say ? You only told me he gave you some of his far-famed roses.

*Ag.* He warned me against some unknown danger, that a vision had revealed to him ;—but his roses are now doubly dear to me.

*Ann.* Shall I put them out on the balcony, in the cool night-air ?

*Ag.* Yes—do, dear Ann.

*Ann.* And we will then go to bed ?

*Ag.* Not before Rodolph returns.

*Ann.* What trouble one has with people in love !

[*During the symphony of the following GRAND SCENA ANN withdraws the curtains, and opens the windows :—the moon is seen shining brightly. She places the vases in the balcony, and exits, L.*]

### GRAND SCENA—AGNES.

Before my eyes beheld him,  
 Sleep never was my foe !  
 But hand in hand with sorrow  
 Love still is wont to go.  
 The moon displays her silvery light,  
 Oh lovely night !  
 Softly sighs the voice of evening,  
 Stealing through yon willow grove ;  
 While the stars, like guardian spirits,  
 Set their nightly watch above.  
 Through the dark blue vault of ether,



Silence roams with soothing power ;  
But a storm o'er yonder mountain,  
Darkly brooding, seems to lower ;  
And along yon forest's side  
Clouds of darkness slowly glide.  
O what terrors thrill my bosom !

Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove ?  
Oh, may Heaven's protection shelter  
Him my heart must ever love !  
Earth hath lull'd her cares to rest ;  
What delays my tardy love ?

Fondly beats my anxious breast :—  
Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove ?  
Scarce the night-wind's whisper'd vows  
Wake a murmur 'mong the boughs ;  
While the widow'd nightingale  
Softly tells her piteous tale.

Hark ! hark ! a sound I heard in yonder grove :

Hark ! hark ! it is his step,—it is my love !

It is—again my heart shall prove  
The bliss that springs from anxious love.  
The moonbeam is shining bright,—  
Heaven ! does it mock my sight ?  
See flowers around his hat are bound,  
Success my Rodolph's hopes has crown'd.  
Oh, bliss !—thy Agnes then shall see  
The victor's chaplet given, my love, to thee.

Hope again is waking,  
Lulling in my anxious breast  
Every doubting care to rest.

Joy once more is o'er me breaking,  
Chasing with her heavenly light  
Sorrow's dark and dreary night.

Hence, then, every thought of sorrow,  
Joy shall be my bosom's guest :  
Hope now whispers that to-morrow  
Sees my fondest wishes blest.

*Enter RODOLPH hastily, L., with his rifle, followed by*  
ANN.

*Ag.* So, you have come at last, my dear Rodolph ?

*Rod.* My Agnes ! [*They embrace.*] I fear I have kept you long, and unfortunately I now come only for a few moments.

*Ann.* [*Having closed the curtains before the folding-*

*doors.*] You are not, surely, going out again?—There is a storm rising.

*Rod.* My dear Agnes, I must again leave the house to-night.

*Ag.* Rodolph!

*Ann.* You seem agitated.

*Rod.* Perhaps so; but is it not natural? On the fortune of to-morrow depends my future happiness or misery for life. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Ag.* Still you seem disturbed. Have you any fears? Have you again been unsuccessful?

*Rod.* [*Crosses to centre.*] No, no—quite the contrary.

*Ann.* What have you gained, then? If it is a ribbon, it must be mine: Agnes has more than she can make use of already.

*Ag.* But tell me, Rodolph—there seems an air of mystery and anxiety about you which I cannot understand. You say your rifle has succeeded. What have you obtained?

*Rod.* [*Embarrassed.*] I am—I have—not been of any of the shooting parties.

*Ag.* And yet you say you have been successful.

*Rod.* Certainly, wonderfully so—[*showing the plume in his hat, and throwing it on the ground*—] I shot one of the largest birds of prey, almost in the clouds.

*Ag.* You are violent.

*Rod.* Pr'ythee, dear Agnes, pity and forgive me, for I must again leave you.

*Ag.* Whither would you go at this late hour?

*Rod.* Do not question me:—yet why should I conceal it?—'tis to the wolf's glen.

### TRIO—AGNES, RODOLPH, and ANN.

*Agnes.* Where! what! oh, terror!

In yonder frightful glen!

*Ann.* 'Tis there the dæmon of the forest

At midnight haunts his gloomy den!

*Rod.* Should fables daunt a huntsman's mind?

*Agnes.* Who prudence scorns, may danger find!

*Rod.* But does thy heart forgive me,

My hasty words to-night?

*Agnes.* O yes, my heart forgives thee,

Nor thou my warnings slight.

*Ann.* This is the huntsman's fortune,  
No rest nor day nor night.

*Agnes.* Oh if thou still wilt leave me,  
My warning words obey :

*Rod.* Night now is fast approaching :  
I must—I must away.

*Ann.* Oh let not grief o'ercome thee !  
We will awhile delay.

[*Exit ANN, L.*

*Rod.* Urge me no more, I charge you. I must away.

*Ag.* You are not angry with me ?

*Rod.* [*Embarrassed.*] Angry ! why should I be ?—yes, perhaps I am. I bring you a pledge of returning success, and you do not rejoice at it. Is this your love ?

*Ag.* Do not be unjust, Rodolph :—if I do not greet the success which gives you pleasure, with all the warmth your heart requires, believe me it is because the glow is checked by the cold manner which clouds your brow, and changes your whole character :—but I love you so fondly, that if you were unsuccessful to-morrow, and we were parted, I feel that grief would break my heart.

*Rod.* Dearest Agnes, again forgive me. To-morrow you shall know all ; but, in order that to-morrow you may be mine, I must leave you now.

*Ag.* What forces you to leave home so late at night ?

*Rod.* I have been successful once more.

*Ag.* Once more !

*Rod.* Yes. I shot a large stag at twilight, and I must get it home to-night, or the peasants will steal it.

*Ag.* Where does it lie ?

*Rod.* Rather far deep in the forest, near the wolf's glen. Time presses, and my duty calls ; but still my heart fondly lingers here. Oh ! Agnes, would to Heaven to-morrow were come, and my fate happily decided !—But away with fears and doubts !—and, at once, good-night !

#### SONG—RODOLPH.

Now good night !

Round each hill, and tower, and tree,  
Darkness deep her mantle closes.

While all nature calm reposes,  
Darkness brings no rest to me.

Now good night, love ! now good night !

Dearest love!—

Still may no fond thought of me  
Thy calm hour of rest encumber;  
But good angels watch thy slumber,  
Round the pillow press'd by thee!

So good night, love!—so good night!—

[*Exeunt AGNES, R., RODOLPH, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Stage quite dark. A craggy glen, surrounded by high mountains covered with fir, down the side of one of which, at R. U. E., falls a cascade. The full moon is shining dimly. In the foreground an old blasted tree, 4th E. L., of which the withered wood shines with phosphoric light. Another withered tree on L. S. E., on a lower knotty branch of which an owl is sitting. CASPAR discovered, with a pouch and hanger, busily engaged in making a circle of black stones; in the middle of which is placed a scull, an eagle's wing, a crucible, and a bullet mould. Distant thunder heard.*

### CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Mist hath fallen from the moon,  
Uhüi—uhüi!

[*During this part of the chorus, the owl opens and shuts its eyes, and also flaps its wings every time.*

Blood the spider's web hath died,  
Uhüi—uhüi!

Ere to-morrow reaches noon,  
Uhüi—uhüi!

Death will wed another bride,  
Uhüi—uhüi!

Ere descends to-morrow's sun,  
Deeds of darkness must be done,  
Uhüi—uhüi—uhüi!

[*At the end of chorus the clock strikes twelve. The circle being finished, CASPAR within it, draws his hanger round the circle of black stones, and at the twelfth stroke strikes it into the scull.*

Cas. [*Raising the scull on the hanger at arm's length.*

Zamiel, Zamiel, hear me, hear!

By the enchanter's scull, appear!

Zamiel, Zamiel, hear me, hear!

[*A subterranean noise is heard—a rock on R.*

*splits asunder, and ZAMIEL appears in the opening—the owl vanishes—CASPAR kneels before him.*

Zam. Why callest thou?

[*Music.*

Cas. [*Agitated.*]

Thou know'st to-morrow's sun  
Will see my respite run.

Zam. To-morrow!

Cas. Three years longer let me live!

Zam. No!

Cas. I will another victim give.

Zam. Whom?

Cas. One, who, till now, would never dare  
Within thy dark and dreary realms appear.

Zam. What does he seek?

Cas. To be supplied  
With bullets thou wilt guide.

Zam. Six shall achieve—  
The seventh deceive.

Cas. Dark spirit of the hour,  
By thy mysterious power,  
Then turn the seventh aside,  
And let it kill his bride.

Zam. O'er her I have no power.

Cas. Will he suffice to pay?

Zam. He may.

Cas. Grant this delay!  
But three years to be free,  
And Rodolph shall thy victim be.

Zam. The boon I grant; but hear and know,  
With me to-morrow—he or thou.

[*A peal of thunder is heard, and repeated in echo. ZAMIEL vanishes,—the rock closes. The scull and hanger sink, and in their place a flask and a hearth, with lighted coals and faggots, rise out of the earth, within the circle. The moon becomes red.*

Cas. [*Seeing the coals and flask, rises and drinks.*]  
Well served!—Bless thee, Zamiel! Thou hast refreshed me—[*Music.*] But where does Rodolph tarry? He will not surely break his word. Help, Zamiel!

[*Distant thunder.—CASPAR moves to and fro, places faggots on the coals, blows the fire with his breath, which blazes—RODOLPH appears on the rock, L. U. E., next the withered tree, opposite to the cascade.*

## SCENA—RODOLPH.

How horrid, dark, and wild, and drear,  
 Doth this gaping gulf appear !  
 It seems the hue of hell to wear.  
 The bellowing thunder bursts yon clouds ;  
 The moon with blood hath stain'd her light !  
 What forms are those, in misty shrouds,  
 That stalk before my sight ?  
 And now, hush, hush !  
 The owl is hooting in yon bush :  
 How yonder oak-tree's blasted branches  
 Upon me seem to frown !  
 My heart recoils ; but terrors  
 Are vain ; fate calls, I must down, down !

[*RODOLPH descends a few steps, and stops again.*

*Cas.* [*Looking up, and seeing RODOLPH.*] Thanks,  
 Zamiel !—the day is won ! my respite is obtained !—  
 [*To RODOLPH.*] What, are you come at last, comrade ?  
 Was this your pledge, to leave me so long alone ? Do  
 you see how I am labouring ?

[*Fans the fire with the eagle's wing, and then  
 raising it in sight towards RODOLPH.*

*Rod.* [*Sings.*] I shot that eagle in yonder sky,—  
 I dare not tarry—I dare not fly.

Ah me !—

[*Stopping and riveting his eyes on the opposite  
 rock.*

*Cas.* Lose not the favouring time !

*Rod.* [*Sings.*] I dare not come.

*Cas.* Coward ! no goat like thee can climb.

*Rod.* [*Sings.*] In yonder gloom

[*Pointing to a rock, R. U. E., over which a female  
 spectre, with uplifted hands, is seen moving.*

My mother's spirit roams before mine eyes.

Thus in her shroud, thus in the grave she lies.

With lifted hands she seems to pray—

She beckons me away.

[*The spectre disappears.*

*Cas.* [*Aside.*] Help, Zamiel ! [*To RODOLPH.*] What  
 folly !—Ha ! ha ! ha ! but look again, and see to what  
 your folly leads.

[*On the same rock, R. U. E., from which the spectre  
 has disappeared, the form of AGNES is seen about  
 to throw herself into the gulf beneath.*



Rod. [*Sings.*] My Agnes, she plunges below !  
Then I—then I—must go.

[*AGNES vanishes, as RODOLPH leaps down.—The moon grows quite dim.*

Cas. Thy courage told me so.

*Enter RODOLPH, L. U. E., and crosses behind the circle, and CASPAR to R.*

Rod. [*With agitation.*] What must be done ?

Cas. [*Offering the flask to RODOLPH, who takes it.*] First drink ; the night-air is cold and damp. Come, you will cast the balls yourself.

Rod. [*Having thrown the flask away, R.*] No—that I will never do. You promised you would relieve me from all unknown ceremonies.

Cas. Take courage, then :—be bold, if you are a man, and enter within this circle ; it is a barrier impassable to every spirit from heaven above, or hell below. Whatever you may see or hear, stir not. [*Speaks with fear, which he endeavours to conceal.*] Should some strange beings come to help us, thou need'st not fear. What matters who or what come ? A wise and bold man knows no nicety as to what agents serve his ends !—Whatever passes around you, stir not. Think only of Agnes, and support your courage if you can. Come, come—[*Urges him, takes hold of his hand, and forces him within the circle.*

Rod. How will this end ?

Cas. Nothing risk, nothing have. The invisible powers will not without solicitation give their treasures up to mortals ; but when you see me falter—as perchance I may, but not from fear—come to me, and repeat each syllable I utter, or we for ever lose our object.

[*RODOLPH waves his hand.*

Cas. Hush ! every moment is precious.

[*The moon is darkened, except a narrow rim.* Mark me, then, and learn the art.

[*Taking the crucible, and pulling out the ingredients from his pouch.*

First, this lead—then, this glass, stolen from a church-window—some quick-silver—three charmed balls which have already hit their mark—the right eye of a lap-wing—and the left of a lynx.—*Probatum est.*—Now for the blessing of the balls.

[*CASPAR, bowing down his head, while kneeling*

*over the hearth of flaming coals, three separate times before he commences.*

Spirits of the evil dead,  
In mystic numbers bless the lead.  
Three murderers, deep in blood alike,  
Charm the bullets, that they strike.  
Child that hath its mother slain,  
Corn the powder, grain by grain.  
Though our senses sink with fear,  
Zamiel, Zamiel, be near!  
Thou who roam'st at midnight's hour,  
Zamiel, Zamiel, work thy power!

[*A greenish white flame issues from the crucible—a cloud passes over the moon, and entirely obscures her light.*]

### THE CASTING OF THE BULLETS—[*Music.*]

*Cas.* [*Casting the bullet, and letting it fall from the mould, exclaims aloud.*] One!

*Echo.* [*Answering, R.*] One!

*Echo.* [*L.*] One!

*Echo.* [*R.*] One!

*Echo.* [*L.*] One!

*These four echoes answer in repetition on the casting every bullet, growing gradually more and more hideous.—At ONE, night-birds flutter and hover over the circle, and strange faces and heads of monsters appear starting out of the rocks, and almost instantly vanish from sight.*

*Cas.* [*The same ceremony as before.*] Two!

*Echoes.* Two!

[*At TWO, the Witch of the Glen enters from R., threatening CASPAR, walks round circle, and exit, L. U. E.—various reptiles appear from separate entrances, and surround the circle—also serpents flying in the air.*]

*Cas.* Three!

*Echoes.* Three!

[*At THREE, a storm and hurricane break down trees—the night-birds, as also the faces and heads of monsters re-appear momentarily.*]

*Cas.* [*Faltering.*] Four!

*Echoes.* Four!

[*At FOUR, whips cracking, the rattle of wheels and tramp of horses are heard, and two wheels of fire roll over the Glen from R. U. E. to L. U. E.*]

Cas. [*With great agitation.*] Five!

Echoes. Five!

[*The audience part of the theatre, as well as the stage, are now in complete darkness.*

[*At FIVE, neighing, barking, and huntsmen's cry are heard; amid discordant and eccentric music, supposed to accompany the wild chase in the air: the misty forms of a skeleton stag, skeleton horsemen and hounds pass over the magic circle in the clouds, to a*

### HUNTING CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Spi. Through hill and dale, through glen and mire,  
Through dew and cloud, through storm and night,  
Through earth and water, air and fire,  
Unhurt we spirits wing our flight.

Joho—wau—wau!

Cas. Horror!—'tis the wild chase in air—a fearful omen! Six!

Echoes. Six!

[*At SIX, a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and rain—meteors dart through the air, and over the hill—trees are torn up by the roots—the torrent foams and roars, and turns to blood—the rocks are riven—the serpents, birds, and reptiles re-appear—the female spectre re-enters, R., and crosses to C. at back of stage—all the faces and hideous heads are visible at every entrance on L. and R.—the Witch of the Glen darts forth from L., and all the horrors of the preceding numbers are accumulated, to deter the FREISCHUTZ from the completion of his object.*

Cas. [*In agony.*] Seven!

Echoes. Seven!

[*At SEVEN, CASPAR is struggling on the ground, the hearth of lighted coals scattered around the circle—a tree is rent asunder, L., wherein ZAMIEL appears surrounded by a tremendous shower of fire—ZAMIEL discharges two rifles at one time, and the curtain drops.—The audience part of the theatre and stage-lights full on.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A forest—(morning)—the Huntsmen discovered.*

## CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

What equals on earth the delight of the huntsman ?  
 For whom does life's cup more enchantingly flow ?  
 To follow the stag through the forests and meadows,  
 When brightly the beams of the morning first glow.  
 Oh ! this is a pleasure that's worthy of princes,  
 And health in its wanderings can ever be found.  
 When echoing caverns and forests surround us,  
 More blithely the pledge of the goblet will sound.  
     Hark ; follow, &c.  
 The light of Diana illumines our forest,  
 The shades where in summer we often retreat ;  
 Nor is then the fell wolf in his covert securest,  
 The boar from his bier is laid at our feet.

Oh this is a pleasure, &c.

[*Exeunt, R, excepting First and Second HUNTSMEN.*]

*First H.* This is excellent sporting weather.

*Second H.* I should never have expected it after such a stormy night.

*First H.* They say that the wild hunter was in the wolf's glen.

*Second H.* That is the dæmon's favourite haunt.

*Enter RODOLPH, L., with rifle.*

*First H.* Good morning.

*Second H.* [*Taking off his hat to RODOLPH.*] Success to you, Mr. Candidate !

*Rod.* Good sporting to you ! [*Crosses to R.*]

*Second H.* [*To the First HUNTSMAN.*] He is a fine fellow : he performed three *such* shots this morning ! Why, I could scarcely see so far, much less hit.—His highness is quite taken with him. How wonderful ! If he proceeds in this manner, he will soon be chief ranger of the country.

*First H.* If I am not, what do I care who is ? Come, let us on. [*Exeunt First and Second HUNTSMAN, L.*]

*Rod.* The horrors of the night are past ; but when will be restored the peace of heart, of which that fearful scene has deprived me ? But away with sad

reflections! The day dawns in gaiety and splendour. Joy lightens every heart; and hope once more dawns on mine. Again I feel the glow of ardour for the chase, and long to join the joyous huntsman's cry.

### HUNTING SONG—RODOLPH.

A woodland life, amid the hills,  
We hunters sweetly pass away;  
Bounding over rocks and rills  
From dawn to set of day.

Oh sweet it is, at dewy morn,  
To chase the savage boar—  
And hear the echoes of the horn  
Mingled with his roar.

*Enter CASPAR, L., with rifle, and two magpies in his hand.*

*Rod.* Ha! Caspar here! I am glad we are alone. Have you any of those balls left? If you have, give them to me.

*Cas.* You cannot surely want any more, comrade. I reserved only three, and gave you four. Could a brother act more honestly?

*Rod.* But I have only one left. The prince kept his eye upon me the whole morning. I shot three times with the most surprising success. What have you done with your three?

*Cas.* [*Showing the two dead magpies, and throwing them off the stage, L.*] I killed those with two of them.

*Rod.* Are you mad?

*Cas.* No:—it is an amusement to me to shoot such carrion. What care I for the prince's favour?—Agnes is not for me:—she loves you.

*Rod.* But you have still one left:—at least, give me that.

*Cas.* No!—I have one, and you have one—but I will keep it, and perhaps let you have it for the trial-shot.

*Rod.* Then give it me now, I entreat.

*Cas.* Excuse me.

*Rod.* [*Urgently.*] Caspar!

*Enter Third HUNTSMAN, L.*

*Third H.* [*To RODOLPH.*] The prince commands your attendance:—there has been a dispute about the distance your rifle carries.

Rod. [*Crosses to L.*] I will follow you instantly.

[*Exit Third HUNTSMAN, L.*]

Rod. [*To CASPAR.*] Give me the third.

Cas. Not if you were to beg for it on your knees.

Rod. Then I have but one remaining, and that I must perforce reserve for the trial-shot—Farewell!

[*Exit RODOLPH, L.*]

Cas. [*Looking after him,*] Fool! he is in the snare. Now let me make use of the sixth—[*Loads his rifle*]—the *seventh* belongs to the dæmon; and that he will keep for the trial-shot. Ha! ha! ha!—Much good may it do the fair bride!—Ah! there runs a fox—[*looking towards R.*]—he shall have the sixth.

[*CASPAR fires, and exit hastily, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The ante-room in the forest-house—Gothic table, and two chairs.—Various roses in a vase, and a wreath of white roses on the table—AGNES discovered seated in a bridal dress:—she rises, and comes forward.*

#### CAVATINA—AGNES.

Though clouds by tempest may be driven  
Across the glorious throne of day,  
The sun, that never sets in heaven,  
Soon laughs the gathering clouds away;  
For though o'er earth the clouds may lower,  
O'er him in heaven they have no power.

And thus, although the clouds of sorrow  
A shadow o'er the soul may throw,  
Yet hope that dwells within the morrow,  
Though hidden, may not cease to glow;  
For though round mortals care may lower,  
O'er him in heaven it has no power.

*Enter ANN, dressed in white, R.*

Ann. Oh, you are already dressed; but you look so melancholy!—Have you been weeping? Never mind; they say,

“Brides’ tears, and rain in May,  
Very quickly pass away.”

Well, Heaven knows that we have had rain enough. I thought several times that the storm would have blown the old castle about our ears.



SCENE III.—*A romantic spot, with a river and forest in the distance. On fourth entrance, R., the tent of the prince OTTACAR. A large tree in centre of stage in the back ground, behind which CASPAR is seen watching. RODOLPH discovered nearly opposite the tent, leaning on his rifle—and all the Huntsmen and Peasantry ranged on each side of the stage.*

*Enter Prince OTTACAR from his tent, followed by KUNO.*

Ot. Thanks, my dear friends and hunting companions; we must now to more serious business. [*To KUNO.*] I highly approve of the choice you have made, my brave Kuno. I like your Rodolph much.

Kuno. I can say every thing in his favour, and I doubt not but that he will prove worthy of your highness's service.

Ot. I do not doubt it:—tell him to keep himself in readiness.

[*KUNO speaks apart to RODOLPH, at the same time CASPAR advances forward, looking around him.*

Cas. [*Aside.*] Where is the girl?—Now, help, Zamiel!

[*CASPAR turns up the stage, climbs the large tree, and gazes around, unperceived by the rest of the characters.*

Ot. [*Coming forward in centre.*] Where is the fair bride? I have heard so much in her favour, that I am curious to see her. [*To KUNO.*

Kuno. Your highness honours me too far.

[*The Prince talks apart to KUNO.*

Rod. [*On R., holding a ball in his hand, which he afterwards puts into his rifle.*] Thee I spared, thou invaluable treasure; but thou now weighest heavily in my hand, and more heavily on my heart.

Kuno. My daughter should have been here before this; but will your highness add another to your former condescensions, and let him fire without delay? for the poor fellow seems so embarrassed already, that I fear the presence of his bride might overcome him.

Ot. A huntsman should certainly have more self-possession:—As long as I was at a distance, he shot with the steady eye and firm hand of a master; but since I sent for him he has missed every time.

*Kuno.* I cannot deny it; and yet, till lately, he had not an equal.

Ot. Who knows whether either of us would have succeeded better on our bridal day? But still old customs must be observed. Besides, you have another huntsman, whose age, at least, might entitle him to the preference.

*Kuno.* Yes, your highness ; but allow me—

[*Prince OTTOCAR and KUNO confer apart.*]

*Rod. [Aside.]* Caspar has his ball still left; perhaps he still may mean me false. *[Raising his rifle.]* Once more, and never after.

Ot. Well ; it is merely to honour old customs, and to justify my good opinion—

*Kuno.* My prince, behold the bride.

*Enter AGNES, ANN, Bridesmaids, and female Villagers,  
from L. U. E.*

*Ot. Rodolph*—I congratulate you on your choice. This charming maid will prove your rich reward. With such an object to nerve your arm, it cannot fail.

[*Prince OTTACAR passes AGNES to RODOLPH.*]

DUET—AGNES *and* RODOLPH.

Oh fortune, we hail thee !

The trial attending,

His efforts befriending—

Oh grant  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{him} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right\}$  success !

Can courage e'er fail {thee, }  
me, }

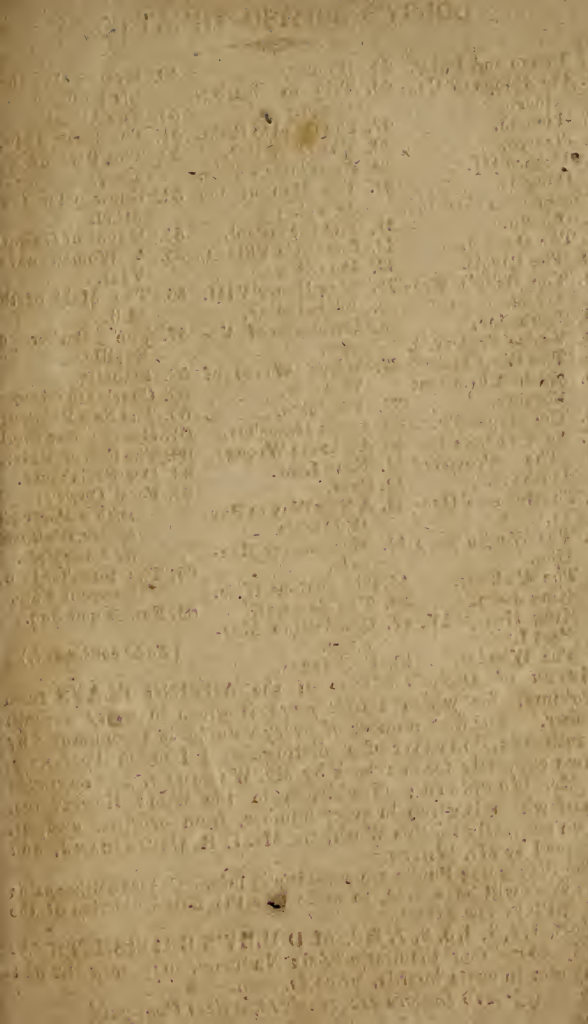
While, thus condescending,

Our prince is attending

## Our union to bless ?

Ot. Well, young man, [to RODOLPH] one more such shot as either of the other three this morning, and you are safe. Now, friends, prepare the trial. [*The Prince looking around towards R. U. E.*] Do you see the white dove on yonder tree?—it is an easy task.

[The dove flies from the tree, R. U. E., towards the large tree in centre of stage, whereon CASPAR is concealed. RODOLPH fires, and the dove escapes. CASPAR shrieks, being wounded, and falls on the stage.



# DOLBY'S BRITISH THEATRE.

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|---|--|---|
| <p>1. Romeo and Juliet.<br/>2. She Stoops to Conquer.<br/>3. Macbeth.<br/>4. Pizarro.<br/>5. Richard III.<br/>6. Douglas.<br/>7. Suspicious Husband.<br/>8. Othello.<br/>9. The Duenna.<br/>10. The Rivals.<br/>11. The Belle's Stratagem.<br/>12. Cymbeline.<br/>13. Venice Preserved.<br/>14. The West Indian.<br/>15. Much Ado about Nothing.<br/>16. The Hypocrite.<br/>17. As You Like It.<br/>18. The Provoked Husband.<br/>19. The Beggars' Opera.<br/>20. The Way to Keep Him.<br/>21. The Padlock.<br/>22. King John.<br/>23. King Henry IV. Part I.<br/>24. The Wonder.</p> | <p>25. Hamlet.<br/>26. Trip to Scarborough.<br/>27. The Road to Ruin.<br/>28. The Gamester.<br/>29. The Winter's Tale.<br/>30. The Man of the World.<br/>31. The Inconstant.<br/>32. Love in a Village.<br/>33. Jane Shore.<br/>34. King Henry VIII.<br/>35. Julius Cæsar.<br/>36. Merchant of Venice.<br/>37. Merry Wives of Windsor.<br/>38. Virginius.<br/>39. Caius Gracchus.<br/>40. All in the Wrong.<br/>41. King Lear.<br/>42. Cato.<br/>43. A New Way to Pay Old Debts.<br/>44. Measure for Measure.<br/>45. The Jealous Wife.<br/>46. The Tempest.<br/>47. Clandestine Marriage.<br/>48. Coriolanus.</p> | <p>49. Every One has his Fault.<br/>50. The Alcaid.<br/>51. The Busy Body.<br/>52. The Tale of Mystery.<br/>53. Know your Own Mind.<br/>54. Mayor of Garratt.<br/>55. A Woman never Vext.<br/>56. The Maid of the Mill.<br/>57. The Barber of Seville.<br/>58. Isabella.<br/>59. Charles the Second.<br/>60. The Fair Penitent.<br/>61. George Barnwell.<br/>62. The Fall of Algiers.<br/>63. Der Freischütz.<br/>64. Fatal Dowry;<br/>    <i>with a Portrait of Mr. Wallack, as Charalois.</i><br/>65. The Shepherd of Derwent Vale.<br/>66. Father and Son.</p> |
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(To be continued.)

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